

*Just Published, Price Sixpence.*

*M. L. C. A. S. E.*  
JANE

THE

LICENSED VICTUALLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

THE ORPHAN OF THE ALMSHOUSE:

A highly Instructive, and Moral Drama,

In two Acts;

By J. P. HART,

*Author of Mary le More, Esther, or the Royal Jewess, The  
Canadian War, The Freemason, The Bayonet, &c. &c.*

As performed at the

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE,

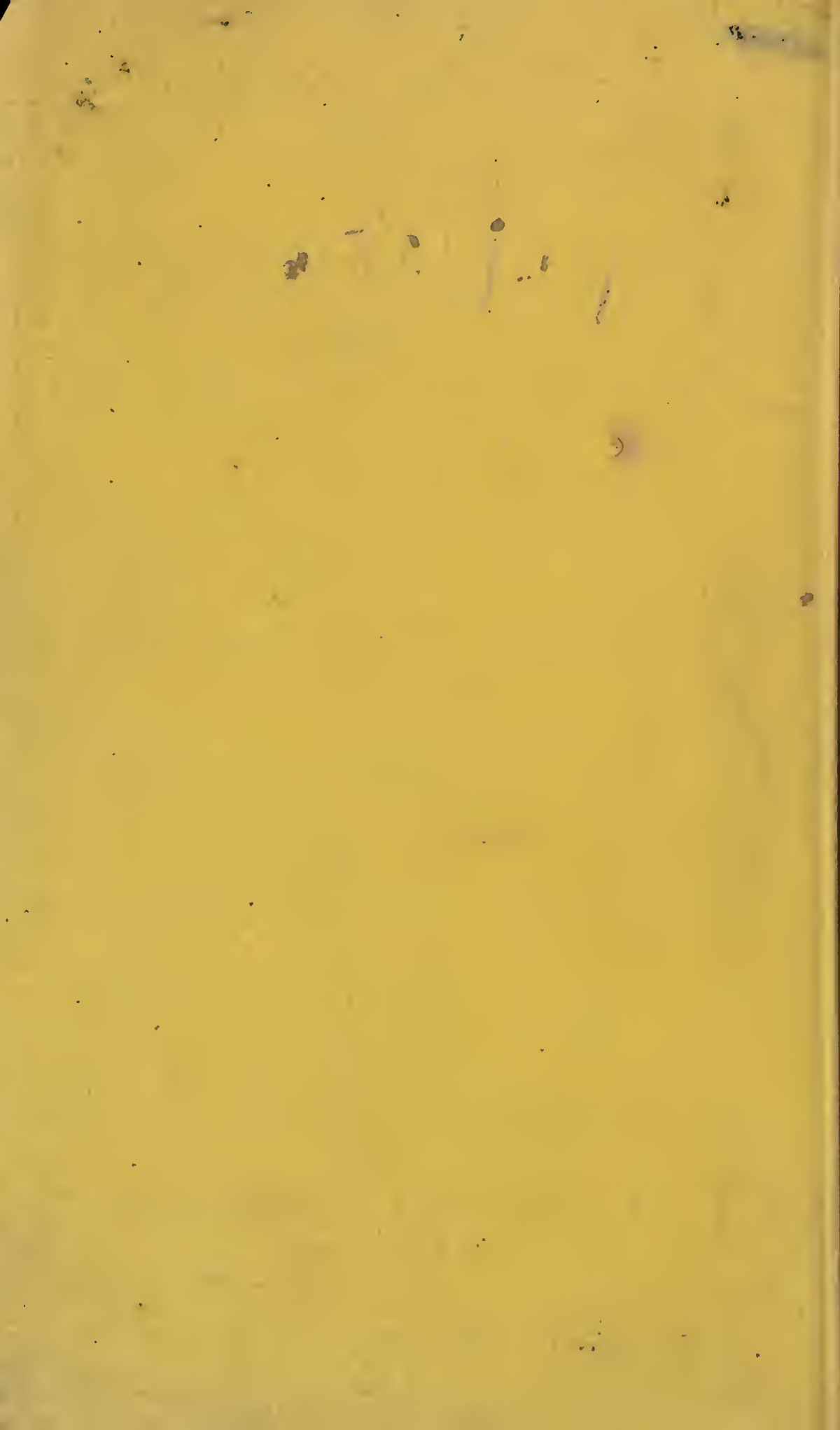
CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPT BOOK, WITH EXITS,  
ENTRANCES, ETC.

LONDON:

G. S. CATTERMOLLE, 17 RATCLIFF HIGHWAY,

ST. GEORGE'S, EAST.

And Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.



*John H. Rose*  
1875

JANE,

THE

LICENSED VICTUALLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

THE ORPHAN OF THE ALMSHOUSE:

A highly Instructive, and Moral Drama,

In two Acts;

By J. P. HART,

*Author of Mary le More, Esther, or the Royal Jewess, The  
Canadian War, The Freemason, The Bayonet, &c. &c.*

As performed at the

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE,

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPT BOOK, WITH EXITS,  
ENTRANCES, ETC.

---

LONDON:

G. S. CATTERMOLLE, 17 RATCLIFF HIGHWAY,

ST. GEORGE'S, EAST.

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
WARWICK  
LIBRARY

*The Gift of*  
*Mrs G. F. Hall*

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY G. S. CATTERMOLLE, 17, RATCLIFF HIGHWAY,  
ST. GEORGE, MIDDLESEX.



00246654

## Cast of the Characters.

AS PERFORMED AT THE ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.

Mr. Brewel, ( <i>Landlord of the Sun</i> )	. . .	Mr. Bradshaw.
Alfred, ( <i>his Son, in love with Jane</i> )	. . .	Mr. Rivers.
Mr. Concise, ( <i>an eccentric Grocer</i> )	. . .	Mr. Young.
Jemmy Filer, ( <i>an Engineer</i> )	. . . . .	Mr. Rogers.
Ralph, { <i>a Countryman, servant at the Sun,</i> }		Mr. Wass.
	{ <i>and in love with Jane,</i> }	
Slink, ( <i>a Thief</i> )	. . . . .	Mr. Edwin.
Skulk, ( <i>Ditto</i> )	. . . . .	Mr. Johnson.
Jane, ( <i>the Licensed Victualler's Daughter</i> )	. . . . .	Miss A. Cooke
Nancy, ( <i>a young Washerwoman</i> )	. . . . .	Mrs. Loveday.

Scene, in and near London.—Time, an Evening and Morning.





*John H. Castle*

# JANE,

## THE LICENSED VICTUALLER'S DAUGHTER.

---

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a Cottage, D. F.—the Furniture of very humble description—at the fire-place, a clothes-horse, on it inside wearing apparel—shirts, stockings, handkerchiefs, &c.—a table with blanket and ironing apparatus—three washing tubs—NANCY PRIM, C. and TWO GIRLS, busy washing,—the whole having the appearance of a dwelling belonging to a Laundress.—NANCY sings and washes slowly—the Girls join in chorus.*

AIR, “*The Exile.*”

Oh, pity the fate of a poor washing maiden,  
Who toils all the day for a morsel of bread!  
My tubs and my lines with clothes heavy laden,  
Thus I work from the morn till I go to my bed!  
But when cruel fate wilt thou release me,  
Send a husband so kind always to please me?  
I'll then be content, and nothing shall tease me,  
And ne'er will I moan at my washing-tub more!  
*Chorus.*—And ne'er, &c.

AIR, “*The Campbells are coming.*”

[*She increases her speed,*  
The Saturday's coming! Oh dear! Oh, dear!  
The Saturday's coming, and soon will be here!  
I'll clean up my house and jolly appear,  
And make ready for *Jemmy*, who then will be here!  
I'll dash up the suds, and iron away!  
For Sunday is coming, I then will be gay—  
I'll put on my best gown, my spirits to cheer,  
I'll laugh and be gay when *Jemmy* is here!  
*Chorus.*—Oh, Saturday, &c.



AIR, "*Home, sweet Home.*"

[*She becomes slow again.*

'Midst soap-suds and soda I waste my time away,  
In hot water dabbling, day after day—  
Wincing and wringing till my hands are sore,  
Splashing and starching ever—ever more!

*Chorus.*—More, more, &c.

AIR, "*Rory O'More.*"

[*She is quick again.*

Oh, washing! this washing—it is a great bore!  
A dabbling—a dabbling, o'er and o'er—  
Then lathering, squeezing, and scrubbing away,  
You'll find out I'm sure 'tis no pleasant play!  
Oh, pity my case, and quickly send here  
The man of my choice, my own Jemmy dear!  
I'll no longer say no—but quick haste away  
To the church in a crack, and be married to-day!

*Chorus.*—Oh, washing, &c.

[*She choruses blithly and briskly—the Girls joining in, till*  
*JEMMY FILER, pops his head in D. F. and exclaims—*

*Filer.* Ease her! stop her!—ease her!—why Nancy! Nancy!  
how your fly-wheel is spinning! how tight your drum band is!

[*Putting his arm round her waist and kissing her—the*  
*other Girls run off.*

*Nancy.* Oh, Jemmy! Jemmy! how you startle one! I'm sure  
you was the last person in the world *I* thought of seeing.

*Filer.* But not the last person in the world you *wanted* to see  
—you know the askings were out last Sunday, and to-morrow  
you shall be *Mrs. Filer*—the boat must lie up for a week to get  
her boiler mended, so I will have just six days to pass the honey-  
moon in.

*Nancy.* To-morrow! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! so soon? Why  
I'm not at all prepared to be married—I have n't a thing in the  
world ready!

*Filer.* The devil you have n't! Well, you must bouse up—get  
in your coals—oil your engine—heat your boiler, and when the  
steam is up, the parson shall throw us into jear, and away goes  
our double engine down the stream of life.

*Nancy.* Lord! Lord! how you do rattle away!—one would  
suppose by your talk that *I* was a steam engine!

*Filer.* Why and so you are! you're a ten horse power upon  
my heart—Cupid has fastened his shaft into my crank-wheel, and  
matrimony shall be the connecting rod that sets us in motion!

*Nancy.* But I want a week to prepare—I can't think of rush-  
ing into the married state with as little consideration as I would  
into a tub of suds—all of a heat—all fuss and fume!—I want a  
new bonnet—a new shawl, and a new gown—and my quarter's  
bills, none of them are due till next week!

*Filer.* Damn the quarter's bills! never mind the bonnet, the shawl, or the gown—Damme, I'd marry you if you hadn't a rag in the world!—the steam of my affection is up—you'll do just as you are!—True love is like a good steamer, can sail without canvass, flags, or pennants, only let the works of the interior (*Laying his hand on his heart.*) be directed by the Governor above, who rules the engine balls—let the *fire* of affection be stirred under the boiler of good-will—clap on the steam of honesty, and all the wheels are set in motion, in harmony, and happiness!—Talk of dress!—the man who is taken by a flaunting gown, or dashing cap is a fool, and only looks at the burnish, which is not worth a piece of worn out sand paper, if the inner wheels are not in true working order! When we are married you shall have a dozen shawls, a dozen gowns, a dozen bonnets—and damme, if you shan't wear 'em all at once, if you don't let off your steam now and do as I wish you!

*Nancy.* There! there! that's the way with all of you, either all coldness, and fret like a pan of clothes steeping at night, or all bubble and froth like a washing-day! Now how different women are, they always take things as they come, calmly and quietly, never in a hurry, so we are never beaten!

*Filer.* Hallo! hallo! stop her! stop her! back her!—Why Nancy! Nancy! blow me if you'll not burst your boiler!—but I've made up my mind, to-morrow you must be Mrs. Filer, or off goes my paddle-box—down goes my chimley, and I lie up for the winter in the Graving dock!

*Nancy.* Well, well, have a little patience, and hear reason, only wait a week, then all my bills will be paid, and I shall dress like the Queen of England, as we go to church!

*Filer.* I can't wait a week, nor another day—I'll marry you this instant if we could only get a parson in the humour—and as for your dress, although I don't care about that—why here's my week's wages, and buy what you like.

[*Offering her a purse—Nancy is offended.*]

*Nancy.* Well I'm sure! there's impudence!—how *dare* you offer any thing of the kind to me?—I suppose you want to throw in my teeth when we are married that *you* bought a gown for me to go to church in—I have a great mind to give you a bang in the chops!

[*Walks about in a passion.*]

*Filer.* [*Whistling.*] Phew! phew! the steam is up—clap on your safety valve, Nancy, or we'll have an explosion! Now come here—come here—(*Coaxing her.*) if you won't have my money, get ready any how, and to-morrow we'll be happy, *then* you know the money will be as much *your's* as mine—so don't fret, it's only wasting speed, that's all—come give me your hand, make friends, and I'll be off to your cousin Jane and bespeak her for your bridesmaid—give me kiss like a good girl, and to-morrow your are my bench-mate for life!

[*Filer kisses her, and exits D. F.—Nancy stands for some time silent, and then bursts into a joyous fit of laughter.*]

*Nancy.* Ha, ha, ha!—Married to-morrow!—ha, ha, ha!—Oh, I shall die with joy—ha, ha, ha! (*Laughing heartily.*) Oh, my back aches with laughing!—but how can I go to church? (*Beginning to fret.*) In an old gown?—what will every body say!—why I shall be laughed at—it will break my heart—Oh, oh, oh! (*Breaks out into a fit of crying.*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! how am I to get a new gown? Oh, oh, oh! (*Crying loudly, but stops of a sudden.*) I have it—my cousin Jane, the bar-maid will lend me a pound, I can pay her next week—I'll have a new gown to be married in! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! she'll lend it me I know—so off I go to see her—Ha, ha, ha! I'll get a new gown and a husband!—and is there any young woman in the world would not be proud of *two* such blessings?

[*Exit laughing, D. F.*]

## SCENE II.—*A Room in the Sun Tavern.*

*Enter MR. BREWEL, the Landlord, and MR. CONCISE, R. H.*

*Brewel.* Mr. Concise, I have found that the trouble, anxiety, and care of children in their youthful days is not half so annoying, as the foolish whims they adopt when arriving at years of discretion—'tis then a thoughtful parent has extreme difficulty to form the mind for society; to check the wild sallies of inexperience, and point out the path to future respectability: a pretty face will often upset all the plans of paternal affection! No father ever loved a son with more fervour than I do mine—I have given him an education superior to my own, and hoped by years of experience in trade to place him far above my sphere—his first act in returning from academic studies will I fear injure his future prospects in life! I have sent for you my friend to ask your advice in this important position.

*Concise.* Mr. Brewel, I have been a parlour customer of yours for years, next to my own house I consider this my resting place from the toils of business, and I contend that a respectably conducted tavern is one of the greatest blessings a nation can enjoy—it is in the social parlour, that rational pleasure, sweetens the cares of trade, and pleasant association is the candy that congeals and makes brilliant the threads of life running through it! If my advice seasoned with the cayenne of experience can be *retailed* to you, I shall willingly *serve* you, and your commands be as closely kept as a sealed bottle of mixed pickles in the summer season.

*Brewel.* I'll explain my fears—my son Alfred (I have every reason to apprehend) is deeply smitten with my barmaid, Jane, she is a clever and intelligent girl, orphan to a respectable licensed victualler, who failed in business and died in distressed circumstances—I took her *from the School*, our charity and bounty



has made so famous—she is an honest, diligent creature, and a credit to the Institution.

*Concise.* Ah, my dear friend, however the publicans of London may be reviled and abused, there is one act of theirs which will be admired and respected through all posterity—the foundation of the Licensed Victualler's School — (*Takes off his hat.*) where religion, education, and comfort receive with open arms the victims of misfortune, and caresses in its bosom those little deserted flowers who might have been a prey to vice and misery! With the improvements of time, Bacchus has become steady—the grape has been pressed to extract pleasure and refinement; and if excess may have filled the cup to repletion, wisdom stands with careful hand to catch the profits and throw them with a smile into the lap of education! [*Crosses to L.*]

*Brewel.* I thank you for the compliment on our Establishment, and trust that public sympathy will always aid efforts which have charity and the improvement of the rising generation for its aim—but to the point—I respect Jane, but have *higher* views for my son—the daughter of my spirit merchant is about his own age, and will have a respectable fortune, the young lady is handsome and accomplished, the father and myself are on terms of friendship, and it is a match that in secret my soul sighs for.

*Concise.* Then you must gradually break off the connexion with Jane. Love, in young hearts like his is blind, it rushes forward and never reflects till plunged like a bull in a thicket over head and ears! Young people cannot judge correctly, they are governed by passion and imagination—*Low* love is like an urchin licking and scraping a sugar hogshead at a grocer's door—the sweets obtained only sate and clog, whilst it degrades and defiles!

*Brewel.* But this my friend is a case of real delicacy—if I discharge Jane from my house, it might increase his ardour and hurry on the connexion; by keeping her under my own eye, I may check and controul their meetings, and my hope is to break it off altogether; another reason is that Ralph, my cellar-man and servant of all-work is also in love with the girl, now if Ralph and she were married there would be an end of the matter, and my son safe—she is delicate, handsome, and intellectual, whilst Ralph is a countryman, ignorant, coarse, and shrewd—qualities not likely to blend harmoniously—I do not wish to injure Jane, only to break off my son's affection, for I am determined she shall never be *his wife*!

*Enter RALPH, R. H. in a hurry, greatly agitated with jealous feelings.*

*Ralph.* Measter! measter! he's with her now!—make haste—make haste!—if I wur you I'd discharge her—let her get another place—what does she 'bide here for turning a' the young folks yeads? Dam' me, if I'd have it if I wur t' measter!

*Brewel.* Why Ralph ! you appear in a passion !

*Ralph.* Passion ! who can help it, to see such goings on ? what can he expect ? why, nou't but disgrace,—I can't bear to see it for my part,—it makes my blood all rush into my head ? my eyes be ready to jump out o' the sockets ! my heart thumps like a hammer at my side, and dom me if I don't think some day or other I'll smash 'em both ! I can't help it,—I know I can't,—that I can't ! (*He bursts into tears.*) I can't, I can't, I can't ! Oh, measter ! afore your son cum whoam, I wur as happy as the day wur long,—I sung and I whistled as I cleaned my pots ; or carried out my beer—I got up in the morning like a lark, happy and comfortable,—my heart light and gay, —my day wur cheerful and pleasant, for Jane smiled ;—I wur joyful if I earned an extra shilling, for I thought she would share it sum day or other,—I lay down again at night like a lamb, and dreamed of Jane ;—now my heart seems all on fire,—I can do nothing but watch him and her ; and when I lie down at night, I see him in my dreams wi' her,—sometimes on his knee,—sometimes he is kissing her ;—I then fight wi' the bed clothes,—I dash all about me, —I wake, and find my face bathed in cold perspiration,—my teeth grinding,—my fists clenched, and my breath almost burning my mouth wi' fever ! I shall die ! It 'll kill me ! I know it will, I know it will—

*Brewel.* [*Soothingly.*] Come, come, don't let it take such hold of your spirits ; I intend to send my son in the country ! he is invited to spend a month at the seat of my liquor merchant ;—his affection for her is entirely against my will ;—absence will wean it, and you, in the interim, must ply your suit with diligence, get her consent, and the day you marry I'll make a present to start you in the world with.

*Ralph.* [*Softened.*] Thanks, thanks, measter ! bless you, bless you ! I almost adore you for your goodness, but I'm so full of passion, so headstrong, I can't command myself,—a very raging devil seems to hurry me to some rash act,—I can't keep it down, —I bite my lips to make me still,—then my fists clench, my heart heaves, and I could almost dash out my own brains for revenge !

*Concise.* That's bad—curb the passions—break your temper—soften angry feelings ! Love is at first gay and exhilarating, like good wine, but drink too deep it overpowers the senses, maddens, and stupefies ! Love returned, like light and pleasant wine, gives joy ! Love slighted, is the sour lees and dregs, resembling jealousy and hatred !

*Ralph.* [*In bitterness.*] Aye, aye, that's all very well for them as has scholarship and larning—they can speak as it pleases 'em —larning makes 'em superior—they can reason and talk wi' good books and all that—but them as has been neglected when young and got no scholarship has only their *hands* to work wi'—they can't work wi' the head ; if they do, they get confused in a net that fastens 'em more and more !

*Brewel.* The want of learning is certainly an awful drawback in any station of society.

*Ralph.* A drawback ! it's death — misery — madness ! None can tell its wants but the ignorant who's deprived of it ! What is left for such as me but drudgery — hard work, and toil — the lowest of the low — no chance of release — no hope but to bear degradation !—how can I rise in man's good will ? — the want of knowledge cuts me off, my industry can gain me no more than the place of a drudge, and what consolation has my tired body ? — none but the dull sleep of the brute ! The sacred volume — the comforter of the weary mind, is a dark blank to me ! Oh, could my parents but see the curse I endure for want o' larning, they'd turn in their rotting beds and wish they'd never brought such a wretch into the world !

*Brewel.* But Ralph ! Contentment is the parent of every comfort — if your station in life be low, by diligence, humility, and religious submission the thorny path will be smooth ! Cheer up, I see no reason why you may not yet have Jane.

*Ralph.* That would indeed be a blessing ! — she is larned — I am industrious—(I have saved a little money) we could set up in business, I would work — she could teach me — she would keep accounts, no one dare cheat me — she could read and make me happy when my work wur done — I'd toil for her — I'd drudge like a slave—I'd be a good man, an honest man—that I would—that I would ! Oh, measter help me, and my heart will always be grateful to you for it ! Heaven bless you ! Heaven bless you ! bless you !

[*Exit in tears, L. H.*

*Brewel.* Poor fellow, he seems distracted — Love has almost made him insane !—Jane, if in my power shall be his—at all events my daughter she shall never be — I have a plan to make my son hate her, and in doing this I shall only conceive that the duty of a father actuates me, and true love for the future welfare of a son makes me (for his preservation) depart from that line of conduct which has always marked my path ! — my son and the barmaid come this way, let us retire.

[*They exit, L. H.*

MUSIC.—*Enter JANE, followed by ALFRED — Jane is dressed in a neat but plain servant's attire, a bunch of keys by her side, she appears dejected.*

*Alfred.* Nay, nay, Jane my love do not droop, you know I love you—love you with that pure and holy fire which your virtue inspires. My father is a kind, a just man, fear not, when he is aware that you are essential to my happiness he can, he will have no objection.

*Jane.* [*With great modesty.*] Alfred, I am only a servant in your father's house—my duty is diligence and obedience. Misfortune deep and trying drove my own parents from the dwelling of my childhood—the walls of an alms-house was their last shelter — their last inheritance a *parish grave* ! (*In tears.*) Never



shall I forget (then only a little girl) the death-bed of my poor father and mother ; they had been confined for weeks and weeks on a sick bed, reduced dreadfully in circumstances — their only nourishment was a workhouse allowance — their only medical care, the hasty and unfeeling visits of a parish-paid doctor — no hand but my little one stretched the scanty morsel that held the thread of life in their drooping frames, and often have I beheld as I reached the humble morsel, and playfully coaxed their gone appetites, the big tear in silence roll down their pallid cheeks, — then, then the hollow murmur of pain succeeded, and the fervent prayer of sinking hearts was offered up for my welfare ! Religion sank in my soul, and humility and resignation to the will of Providence was taught by the dying orizons of father and mother !

[*Crosses to n. whiping away a tear.*]

*Alfred.* Come, come, Jane, this melancholy is ill timed — I offer to take you for my wife — my father as yet knows not my affection, this day I'll break it to him.

*Jane.* Oh, do not, do not I implore you ! your father intends you for another ! I have heard him say so. What then could he think of me ? — why that an inanimate and deserted incubation by chance fell to a parent nest, and when warmed into life by tenderness and care, turned to sting its second creator !

*Alfred.* No, Jane, he cannot think so — he will rather suppose that Heaven hath sent a dove, the bearer of peace and happiness to his family — your deceased parents' prayers will like a bright halo play round your head, and shed peace and joy where you dwell !

*Jane.* [*Solemnly.*] Your father *must* be obeyed — *his* desire shall not be perverted by an encouragement on my part — I love him as a parent, but must obey him as a master, a benefactor ; I owe him much, much, I am not ungrateful — listen, listen — 'twas on a winter's morn, the snow had covered with its winding sheet of death the humble vegetation before our alms-house door, the want of fire and those comforts which a sick-bed requires had hastened my mother's dissolution — she was *dead* when I awoke ! my sudden cry of anguish roused my poor father from his torpours of misery, he turned with difficulty to his inanimate partner — the companion of happy, and broken-hearted years — he threw his feeble and wasted arms around her — the tears ran like glittering dew from his glassy eyes — he kissed her cold lips — a heavy moan followed, — and with a piteous look of benediction on his crying child, breathed his soul to Heaven !

[*Weeps.*]

*Alfred.* Oh ! what a moment of misery ! — but you were Heaven's care ; which as it afflicts rewards ! Heaven hath a breast even for the motherless babe, and the *wail* of an infant is as powerful a prayer to the throne of grace, as the eloquent effusions of a learned and ardent divine.

*Jane.* Heaven did hear my *little* prayer, for it disdains not the meek and humble in the hour of trouble, — my grief had made me insensible, — I sat bewildered by my parents' remains, till the

parish officers rudely shook me from my torpor! No respect—no solemnity was offered to the dead, but with an unfeeling scoff, they were hurried to their last home!—No funeral procession—no friends to follow, but a weeping, desolate girl, who with a shower of tears bedewed the soil, and whose sobs of true love and devotion, mocked the lazy indolence, and half performed rites of a pauper's grave! [Crosses to L.

*Alfred.* Oh, Jane! those trials were sent by Providence to purify you for its own, and to make me blessed in having you for a partner.

*Jane.* Alfred, your father will not have it so—and to him I owe all—but for him I might have wandered an orphan-beggar—might have sought the crust of misery from door to door!—he saw me a solitary mourner, watching the earth as it closed on the authors of my being—he inquired my little history, and by his interest, I was admitted into the Licensed Victualler's School—I was snatched from destitution—rescued from vice and poverty—purified from ignorance, and blessed with care! Oh! may the benediction of Heaven prosper that charity! may the founders rest in the realms of bliss! and may the daily prayers offered up by its youthful inmates draw down a blessing on its present benefactors! [Crosses to R.

*Alfred.* No more will I hesitate, but instantly to my father, and let him call the child he has protected by the endearing name of daughter—I shall—I must have his consent, so fear not—my dearest Jane!

[MUSIC.—*He approaches to kiss her hand, she withdraws it—points to Heaven, and lays her hand upon her heart in gratitude,—turns from him, and droops her head.—Alfred, exits L. H. as Jane is wiping her eyes.*

*Enter JEMMY FILER, R. H. he seems concerned at seeing her grief.*

*Filer.* Hollo! hollo! what? the spray in your deck-lights! What's the matter?—is the engine out of repair?—Come get up the steam—stir the fire—out with the clinkers—on with some fresh coals—bouse up, bouse up—I want to tell you that Nancy your cousin and Jemmy Filer are going to hoist the union-jack, and set our paddles to work together in the ocean of matrimony—you shall stand at the helm to guide us to church, and I hope that the Stoker, Providence, will keep up a good fire, and pack our pistons with happiness and contentment!

*Jane.* Jemmy, I wish you joy and my cousin too.

*Filer.* Well, but damn it—(I beg your pardon) don't wish us what you want yourself—what's the matter?

*Jane.* [Drying her eyes and trying to compose herself.] I have only been shedding a tear to the memory of my parents.

*Filer.* Well, well, that's all right, all right—when our feelings are overpowered, it's as well to let the steam off a bit; and where is there a more beautiful sight than to see water condensed trickling like quicksilver drops down the cheeks of the regulator? But grieving, I do think is wasting fire, when the vessel is at a stand still—the dead can never put to sea again—the boiler is unriveted—the cranks broken up—the chimney down—the fly-wheel stopped—the paddle-box shivered—and all the power evaporated to the Grand Engineer, who first set it in motion! Come, come, cheer up! I want you to be Nancy's bridesmaid, and when you take it in your head to form the union-joint, Nancy, although she will then be my wife, shall be your *mid* to give you away!

*Jane.* I thank you for your kindness, but my present condition is not likely to change, yet I shall be happy to see Nancy settled in life—she was my school companion, my playmate, and any thing in my humble power she may command.

*Filer.* Next Sunday, Nancy says is your Sunday out, you must go with us to church, and see the strap of matrimony buckled on our drum-bands—now you must not refuse, and Nancy herself will be here in a jiffey to ask you the same!

*Jane.* I'll refuse her nothing in my power, but I'm in sad spirits; I'm unhappy in this house, and will be glad when Nancy arrives to tell her my troubles.

*Filer.* Ayê, that's the way with all you women, always in trouble—now I never let any thing trouble me—a troubled mind is like a steamer without coals in the middle of a voyage, there it sticks at the mercy of every idle wave!—Trouble, half of it is smoke, more in the fancy than reality—so I always kick it overboard like a bucket of clinkers!

*Enter NANCY, R. H.*

*Nancy.* Now Jemmy, what brings you here?

*Filer.* Well, I like that! why didn't I tell you I was coming to ask your cousin to give you away?

*Nancy.* Well, and can't I ask myself? I hate to see the men poking their noses in women's affairs! [Crosses to Jane.]

*Filer.* There's a stopper for my throttle-valve! Well among ye be it—but my mind's made up—next Sunday or never!—no excuse—the bell has rung three times—all the luggage on board—off we push—you stay, miss your passage—away goes the paddles—curl goes the smoke—up plays the band on deck—away we dash—and there you are out of breath on the pier calling out Ease her! Stop her! Ease her! Stop her! [Exit R. H.]

*Nancy.* There's a rattlepate! but I love him and must let him have his own way; he is nothing but teaze, teaze, from morning till night, so I am forced to marry him, or I shall never get rid of him! Now I'm come to tell you all my little affairs—(Takes her arm.) now you know and every young woman knows that men must not know all things either before or after marriage!



*Jane.* I am but little skilled in such matters.

*Nancy.* Then you must learn my dear. Now listen, he wants to be married next Sunday, I'm not ready—I want a new gown, a new cap, and a new bonnet to go to church in; now none of my quarter's bills are due for a fortnight—what is to be done? (*Coaxingly.*) Now you are the only friend I have in the world, it won't do you know to lose a *husband* for the price of a *gown*—so I was thinking—(*Hesitatingly.*) Yes, I was thinking—if you had lately drawn your quarter—you might—yes, you might *lend* me as much as would get them.

*Jane.* [*Kindly.*] Nothing would in the world have pleased me better Nancy, than to have given it you, but I have paid all my little earnings to place a grave-stone over my poor father and mother; it is the last tribute, save affection that I can bestow!

*Nancy.* [*Concerned.*] But was all your money paid for that? all?

*Jane.* No, Nancy—my *father's watch*, I have again in my possession, 'twas the gift of *his* dying parent, and when distress was robbing us of all, he parted with it for a loan to pay the first rudiments of my education! I have redeemed it, (*Taking the watch out of her bosom.*) and now I am pennyless!

[*Kissing it.*

*Nancy.* [*Looks seriously in Jane's face—holds the tail of her gown to her eyes, and bursts out crying.*] Oh, oh, oh! it's all over with me—no gown—no bonnet—no *husband*! Oh, oh, oh!

[*Crying.*

*Jane.* Nay, nay, don't fret, take any of my clothes, they are all at your service.

*Nancy.* [*Crying.*] Oh, no, no, no! What, be married in a borrowed gown?—everybody will know it! No, no, no! Oh, oh, oh! I shall die—I shall—I'm sure I shall!

*Jane.* Come, come, be comforted; is there no way to surmount this difficulty? can *nothing* be done?

*Nancy.* No, nothing! I wouldn't tell anybody else in the world of it but you! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (*Looking at the watch in Jane's hand.*) Oh, I wish you hadn't got it till my money was due, I could then have paid you. (*Taking the watch.*) Well, well, it's a very pretty watch to be sure—wouldn't they take it *back* again for a fortnight?

*Jane.* [*Diffidently and in a whisper.*] It was where I should blush to go again! Misfortune may have made such places necessary, yet nothing but *extreme distress* can excuse such degradation!

*Nancy.* Oh, oh! (*Crying.*) I'm in distress—*extreme* distress—in *degradation*—no gown—Oh, no!—no husband! [*Crying.*

*Jane.* [*After a pause, and struggling with her feelings.*] What is to be done? for years that watch has been from me—it was my father's companion in prosperity, and in extreme distress he parted it with a tear! I have prevented its being sold year after year by my little savings—it is mine again, and shall it go

from my sight? Oft hath its tiny strokes under his sick-pillow beguiled the throbs of pain! Oft has he counted the tedious hours and gazed on its face, chiding the slow and painful pace of its rounds—it has been warmed in his possession, from the coldness of metal till the heat of life seemed to give kindred animation—'twas his instructor—his friend! (*Kisses it with fervour.*) Take it—take it, but *return* it, when in your power, and be happy! be happy! [*She bursts into tears, and exit L. H.*]

Nancy, There's a good soul!—don't fret! don't fret!—she has made me happy, and it's *two* to one, but this watch will settle all our business! [*Exit R. I E.*]

[*After a pause, RALPH, enters behind cautiously—a quart pot in his hand, and rubbing as if in the process of cleaning it—he is full of doubt and jealousy.*]

Ralph. There's summat going on among them two girls I can't make out! I always had a good head for finding out things, but *now* it's fit for nothing but thinking of Jane! How happy should I be if she wur mine—and why shouldn't she? I have the *best* right to her, she's my fellow sarvent! How would our young master treat her? why like *all* measters treat their sarvents as one beneath him!—with me she'd be equal—superior—(*Reflecting, and rubbing the pot.*) I must have her—she *must* be mine! I can't live wi' out her, but how's that to be managed? I wouldn't injure her for the world! I wish she wur discharged—out of place, and starving! I'd *then* have a chance—(*Joyfully.*) I'd show her how I did love her—I'd give her all I've saved and marry her! Let me think—(*Rubbing the pot.*) How *could* I get her discharged? why I'll raise some *lie* against her—no, no, no, that would make her hate me—that won't do—besides who would believe me? Now if I had larning, I might injure her by writing a letter, or summat o' that sort, but that's out o' my power—(*Bitterly.*) there's my daily curse, want of *edication*! (*Thinking.*) Stop a bit—stop a bit—yes, I *have* it—I have it! (*Looking cautiously round, still rubbing the pot unconsciously.*) Yes, but I must keep it close, close, it must almost be a secret from myself! Her *box* is in the kitchen—couldn't I put some of measter's property in it, and let her be *accused* of *thieving*? Aye, that I could!—she'll be discharged, wi'out a character—may be sent to the House of Correction! (*Trembling.*) wouldn't that be terrible? No, no, it will only be for a short time, and all my life shall be hers after to make amends—I won't blush at her disgrace, for I know her innocence! Great men of larning, do worse than this and am thought clever—the world even praise 'em if they gain their ends! Yes, yes, I'll do it—I'll trap her! Dom the House of Correction, and all such disgrace!—if she's mine I'll laugh at every thing—I'll get on in life—I'll *be* a measter—I'll have her! Yes, I'll scheme my heart out but I'll have her! [*Exit L. H.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of the Sun Public House.—Time, Evening, Stage rather dark.*

*Enter SKULK and SLINK, (two Area Sneaks) cautiously.*

*Skulk.* I say Slink, this is the crib — I've twigged the slavey toddling to pad every night this week ; I've put some ak-e-fort-us on the corners of the grating for three nights running, and now it's as loose as water !

*Slink.* Vell I'm jiggered, if you aint a sly gill ! vell vot hof it — can't I ereep through any round cellar hole in town ? only lift the iron-plate up, I'm in, in a canter ! — vell then I hopen the glaze and forks the moveables ! I do s'help me Newgate !

*Skulk.* Vy I must say, you are an hout an hout 'elpmate ; besides you are so thin, that's vot makes you so clever in the purfession — get into a round coal-hole ! Vy I'm blowed if you couldn't run up a spout like a daddy-long-legs !

*Slink.* I could, s'help me Newgate ! if there vos any thing to fork ! I always has my hi to trap, and ven I begs for scan at the hairies, I stag the fastenings, I do s'help me Newgate ! Vell, it's getting dark, so keep a hi on the lobsters, them fellors has their noses every where, do you know the reason ? S'help me Newgate ! they've hall been prigs themselves, so they're up to every move ! But I'm all right here, I am, s'help my Newgate ! I pays poundage—gi's 'em a share — that's the way to be safe, it is, s'help me Newgate !

*Skulk.* Well, do you get into the coal-hole.

*Slink.* Safe as bricks, s'help me Newgate !

*Skulk.* And ven they sleeps, hopen the vinder—I'll get off the grating, and then we'll do the job ! Come hon my sugar-cane !

[*Crosses to R. H.*]

*Slink.* Go it my eripple ! if you gets a mouth's rounding at the mill, I'll get in—I will, s' help me Newgate !

[*MUSIC.—They sneak off, R. H.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Kitchen of the Sun — supposed to be partly under ground — a little bed, L. H. fireplace near it — on the other side a door (in T.) leading to the coal-cellar—a window (near C.) to slide up and down—the window half way up the outside parapet or street—a flat grating over the part beyond—a short flight of stairs (R. H.) leading to the door above, as if to the first floor or bar. — A small trunk near the bed — chairs and stools — quart-pots, &c. at the fire drying — with the usual furniture of a public-house kitchen.*

*MUSIC.* — (*Stage dark*) *Enter ALFRED, from the upper door, and descends cautiously, after closing it.*

*Alfred.* [*Speaking low.*] The family and lodgers are all retiring



to rest ; my father has taken a place in the coach for me to leave town to-morrow ; *this* will be the last chance I shall have of an interview with Jane ; I must be cautious, I know my father's determination as regards my future bliss, but never can I love any but Jane, she is essential to my happiness — my life ! This night I'll explain all my views and offer her marriage — (*Listens at the stairs.*) How long she stays — how anxious are a lover's fears—Ah, I hear footsteps—I must not be caught here — where to hide ? I have it !

[MUSIC.—*Puts out the candle which he had brought with him, and hides in the coal-cellar, D. F.*

[*Enter from door above, RALPH and Mr. BREWEL, stealing quietly down the stairs—Ralph, has a candlestick with an unlighted candle in it—they get to the front and whisper—Ralph, full of jealousy.*

*Ralph.* I'll take my oath, I seed him cum down — he's hid sumwhere in th' place—Oh, she's a domed jilt !

*Brewel.* Hush, hush, your jealous fears will ruin all my plans —if he is caught *here* and with her—her character is blasted for ever!—be still awhile and listen.

*Ralph.* [*Aside.*] Now for my scheme—I've got his watch that he leaves for days up stairs — it shall go in her trunk ! Hush, hush, measter, hush !

[MUSIC.—*Ralph, gropes his way to Jane's box, and deposits the watch there—Alfred appears at the same time at the coal-cellar door and anxiously listens.*

*Alfred.* [*Aside.*] Heavens ! my father and Ralph, I'm watched !

[MUSIC repeated, — *Alfred, steals out quietly, gets up the stairs and exit—by this time, Ralph has reached Mr. Brewel, who takes the candle from him, and with a lucifer-match lights it—Ralph has gained the foot of the stairs as if to prevent any one passing. (Lights up a little.) Mr. Brewel, searches assisted by Ralph, every where, throwing open the cellar-door, &c.—finding no one—a pause.*

*Brewel.* Ralph, you are in error—he is not here ; your jealousy has deceived you.

MUSIC.—*JANE appears at the door above with a light, she comes down, and starts in surprise at seeing her Master and Ralph.*

*Brewel.* Be not alarmed Jane — Ralph and I have only been examining that all is safe ; there are so many robberies of late, we cannot be too careful.

*Jane.* I could not find you above, and I want to ask permission for my cousin Nancy to stay here to-night—she is to be married next Sunday, and we are going to sit up to make her wedding gown.

*Brewel.* I have no objection, if you do not stay up so late, as to enable you to perform your duty to-morrow.

*Jane.* Oh, fear not sir.

*Brewel.* Then I allow it.

*Ralph.* [*Aside to him.*] Doantee sur, doantee sur! there'll be mischief depend on't, when two women are together!

*Brewel.* Pshaw! no danger of that! Is your cousin up stairs?

*Jane.* She is.

*Brewel.* Then call her.

*Jane.* [*Calling at the stairs.*] Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!

[*NANCY, comes from above stairs, and has with her a new gown-pièce, she curtsies to Mr. Brewel.*

*Brewel.* Well, I give you leave to stay with Jane, but to make all safe, I'll lock the door above, when no harm can come to you. Good night! good night!

[*MUSIC.—Exit Brewel and Ralph up stairs—the door is fastened, and the two girls are left to themselves.*

*Jane.* Try cousin, if the door above is locked.

[*Nancy runs up and tries it.*

*Nancy.* All's fast! (*Comes down.*) Well, thank Heaven we are alone! Here's the gown-pièce—Oh, such a darling!—I've had it cut out—all ready—so now we'll go to work and finish it before the morning.

*Jane.* I feel unhappy; this has been a heavy day with me, and I am more inclined for bed than work! What my dear Nancy, if we get up at dawn and begin, I shall be more in spirits then and better able to help you.

*Nancy.* Do as you please, but I'll sit up a little now—you lie down in your clothes, and I'll call you after you've had a little nap. Oh, dear me, the thoughts of marriage is so much in my head, I shan't be able to sleep for the next month! (*Recollecting.*) But now as we are alone take this bit of paper, you know what it is—of the watch, you know—it will be safer with you, till I can get it again.

[*She gives the duplicate of the watch to Jane—Jane heaves a sigh, and going to her box, throws it carelessly in.*

*Jane.* It will be safe there!

[*MUSIC.—Nancy gets her work ready—Jane prepares her cap, &c. for bed, she kneels at its side, and after a prayer lies down in her clothes—Nancy, during this draws a small table to the front and placing a light on it, sits to work; she after a short time begins to yawn, and after many struggles to keep awake, doses off asleep; the dress falls, and all is still—a pause.—The coal-cellar door is now slowly opened, and SLINK, creeps into the kitchen with great caution on his hands and knees, he intimates that all are asleep—puts the candle on*

*Nancy's table in his dark-lantern, and hides it in the folds of his coat to conceal the light — at this moment, a dark-lantern is seen at the window in the street, and the grating risen up, SLINK undoes the fastenings and the head of the other thief, SKULK is seen peeping in, as if he were lying on his face on the parapet outside — Slink tries the door at the head of the stairs, but finding it fast, proceeds to rob the kitchen, he also takes out the watch from Jane's box, handing all to his companion outside, he then exits through the window — a pause. — A rattle is suddenly heard, and cries of "Stop thief! Stop thief!" outside — an alarm — the Girls awake — all confusion — the door above forced in, and MR. BREWEL, ALFRED, LODGERS, and POLICE rush on, exclaiming "Thieves! Murder! &c." — Lights up.*

*Police.* The accomplices are in the house!

*[The Girls scream in terror.]*

*Brewel.* Then behold them in those females!

*Jane and Nancy.* No! no! no!

*Alfred.* Impossible!

*Ralph.* *[At the door up stairs.]* Measter, your watch is stolen out of the bar-parlor!

*[He retires back.]*

*Brewel.* Search those females!

*[They scream.]*

*[A Policeman brings Jane's box forward searching it.]*

*Policeman.* What's here? the duplicate of a watch pawned over the way, this day!

*Omnes.* Horror!

*[Mr. Brewel stands confounded; the Girls paralysed.]*

*Omnes.* Away with them to prison!

*Jane.* *[Screaming.]* On my soul, that watch was my father's! Send for it!

*Omnes.* Away with them!

*[A dreadful explosion and crash heard without, and fire is seen in all directions — Ralph, rushes on the stairs.]*

*Ralph.* The pawnbroker's house over the way is on fire! *(Crash outside.)* The roof has fallen in!

*[The fire-bell rings loudly to the end.]*

*Jane.* Oh, horror! horror! horror! Ha! ha! ha!

*[She goes into hysterics, and falls.]*

## A TABLEAU

*Of general consternation is formed — fire seen, bell ringing, &c.*

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter MR. CONCISE in a great bustle, he walks up and down ; also a MOB shouting, SLINK and SKULK among them. — Hurried Music.*

*Concise.* Dear me ! dear me ! Is this true ? Can no one give me the particulars ? Are all the family poisoned ? Is my friend's throat cut ? Has Mr. Alfred hanged himself ? Dear me ! dear me ! will no one give me the particulars ?

*Slink.* Yes, I will ! (*Aside to Skulk.*) I say, Skulk, can't we clean out this gill ? I'll try it on, I will, so help me Newgate ! Why, I nose all the particulars, I do, so help me Newgate !

*Concise.* [*Impatiently.*] Then my dear sir, will you illustrate ?

[*Slink and Skulk get close on each side of him.*

*Slink.* Yes, I will ! You see *that other gentleman* there— (*Skulk.* Yes, I'm the other gentleman, stag my giblets !)—and me seed it partly, afore it was done,—I mean just arter it was done,—when these young women vos a cracking the crib and boning the traps !

*Concise.* Dear me, how very interesting ! Well, well, now tell me every particular.

*Slink.* I will ! the best is to come, it is, so help me Newgate ! I say, friend ! (*To Skulk.*) Just show the gentleman with me how hartfully they managed it ! (*Skulk.* I will, stag my giblets !) Well, when the alarm was given, and the landlord rushed into the kitchen, what does these women do but collars him !

*Skulk.* They did, stag my giblets !

*Concise.* Oh, the she ruffians !

*Slink.* I say, Bill, collar the gentleman, and show him how they did it ! (*They both collar Mr. C.*) Well, one had him this way — t'other that — and then they let's drive into the old cove's bellows, and fakes his ticker ! (*He hits Concise in the stomach and draws out his watch by the chain. — Holding up the watch.*) Stag his giblets ! Well, that was all right,—it was, so help me Newgate !

*Concise.* [*In fear and amazement.*] Dear me ! they must have been practised thieves !

*Slink.* I should RATHER think so ! *old 'uns* at it, so help me Newgate ! Well, then they collars him crossways ! (*Shouting at the top of his voice.*) Show him, Bill ! (*They collar him with their hands next him, so as to have their arms under his,—their hands at liberty to pick his pockets.* *Skulk.* Oh, crikey, stag my giblets !)—and when they had him so, they bones his dummy,

—(*They take his pocket-book.*)—forked his dust heap, and cleaned him out in regular good style,—they did, so help me Newgate!

[*They pick his pockets of purse, snuff-box, &c., he, during the above, being intent on the story,—in the end, not liking their excessive familiarity, puts his hands to his pockets in suspicion,—at this instant Slink dashes the contents of the snuff-box in his face—they bolt—Concise sneezing and calling “Help, police, stop thief, &c.” till off.—MUSIC.*

*Enter MOB, POLICEMEN, one carrying Jane's Box, &c., then JANE a prisoner—She appears pale and sinking with shame. A pause.—Jane looks round in terror and tears.*

*Jane.* Oh! eternal powers! thy ways are dark, and beyond the reach of mortal eye,—it is the duty of suffering humanity to bear in patience! yet, Oh! weak nature will repine! Our complainings ought not to be upbraidings! When the heart is smitten, the mind should repose on the bosom of religion, and prayer will bring relief! But Oh, how terrible to be thus accused—sure Heaven's wrath passing in some angry cloud has untimely burst and fallen undeserved upon my head—(*She trembles.*) a thief!—the violator of honesty—to rob the abode where shelter and happiness received me—No, no, no, 'tis false, I cannot be accused—it is not so—it must be a dream—a dream! Wake, wake, shake off this torpor—stagnant blood assume your course—healthy pulsation scare this terror that takes my reason prisoner, burst the clotted currents and give freedom to the soul! Awake! arise!

[*She falls on her knees in agitation.*

*Enter JEMMY FILER, R.H. he stands in amazement.*

*Policeman.* Come young woman, rise, our time is too precious to be wasted in listening to your ravings, we hear these kind of things every day.

*Filer.* Then damme, it's time they should have made some impression on you; but you are like the sea, you flare up when the paddles strike you, but when the steamer passes devil a bit of a trace is there left.

*Policeman.* I am in the discharge of my duty, and will not have interruption; I am taking a *thief* to justice.

[*At the word “thief,” Jane screams wildly, and rushes to Filer.*

*Jane.* No, no, I am no thief! I will go to jail—to prison—will meet any accusation, but call me not *thief*! Never has dishonesty entered my mind; (*Turning to the Policeman.*) what proof can I give? will a bursting heart convince you? will these scalding tears? Oh, Heaven, I have no other! Oh, beware, ye world, how ye plunge innocence into the abyss of crime by false accusation—the disgrace of a prison—the association of the really

guilty—the doubtful hints of past friendship, and the goading thought that the once accused *can never* be deemed innocent!

*Enter Mr. BREWEL, Jane rushes and kneels to him.*

Spare me, I implore you ; let my tears move you — that I am innocent, your own heart *must* tell you — it does tell you so ; your face confesses what your heart believes ; then why have me dragged like a common felon through the public streets ? why let the hootings and sneers of a vulgar mob assail me ? why I demand am I pointed at as a t-h-i-e-f?—the word almost chokes me — Father ! mother ! from your pauper-graves rise up — cast off the decaying remnants of afflicted mortality — in your rotten shrowds appear, and witness my degradation — my innocence — tell them your daughter is no *thief*—no thief—no thi-e-f ! Ha, ha ! !

*[She faints, and is borne off—the Mob follow, and appear to whisper, pointing reproachfully at Mr. Brewel.]*

*Filer.* *[Wiping his eyes.]* Well, well, this stops my engine bang ; I never was so backed in all my life ! Poor girl, I wish I could “ease her,” or even “stop her !” The water runs out of my cabin-windows just like a wet chimley after the steam is let off ! *(Speaking to Mr. Brewel, who seems in thought.)* I say old chap, I think you’ve taken a coil too much in this business : only look at that poor little steamer — damme, it’s almost enough to burst your boiler ! I say heave out a rope — in charity tow her into port. You won’t appear against her—you won’t *per-se-cute* —if you do, I hope the ship’s crew will lash you to the fly-wheel and pelt you with hot clinkers by way of basting as you go round !

NANCY is brought in by TWO POLICEMEN, a prisoner — crying violently, on seeing Jemmy, she rushes to his arms : the Policemen sever them.

Nancy. Oh, Jemmy ! Jemmy ! Jemmy ! *[Crying loudly.]*

*Filer.* *[Half-crying.]* Ease her ! Oh, stop her !

Nancy. Oh, Jemmy ! Jemmy ! you don’t believe it do you ?

*Filer.* Believe it ! no, damme, if I do ! I say, I’ll bail this young woman ; I’m a housekeeper, at least I’m going to take a house when we are married ; at present my address is the Scud-away Steamer — sails every morning at eight o’clock — takes in passengers and luggage at four places, always makes the Wall to five minutes, under or over, and is esteemed the best, most comfortable, and fast-sailing boat on the river !

*Policeman.* Well, well, I can delay no longer, I must perform my duty ; she’s in custody for cracking a crib.

Nancy. *[Crying.]* Oh, Jemmy ! Jemmy ! you hear that ? he says I’ve been cracking a crib ! I never cracked any thing in my life !

*Policeman.* Well, here’s the man what brings the charge,



make it all right with him, and I dare say she'll get off with a month or two at the mill. Come, move on!

[*The Policemen pushes Nancy off, she crying bitterly, Jemmy wipes his eyes.*]

*Filer.* Blow me, if I aint melting like tallow on the pump-rod. (*To Brewel.*) I say, Old Clinker! will nothing soften you? you've a heart as hard and as black as Wallsend coal! Come I say, rouse your coke a little—wet your barrow, and stop the evaporation! Do you know that young woman and me were to have been married next Sunday?

*Brewel.* My kind-hearted fellow, I grieve as much as yourself that this unfortunate turn has taken place: I would with all my heart have freed the girls before now, but the police insisted on their apprehension; they asserted that the thieves were *let in* from the kitchen; but I will not appear against them, I shall not prosecute.

*Filer.* Success to your old condenser! give us one of your paddles—(*Takes his hand.*) may your old boiler never lose a rivet, and may your safety-valve always let out the heat of oppression, rather than make it flow over to scald the hearts of two innocent girls! I'll be off to the court, and when they call you to appear, I shall thunder out, "Not here!" then they'll be discharged, and damme, I'm sure that will Ease them, and Stop them too! Hurrah! hurrah! [*Exit after them.*]

*Brewel.* [*Solus—he walks reflecting.*] The property stolen is not luckily of much value, except my watch—the duplicate found in Jane's box looks black indeed! (Even if the article were her own, to obtain money in such a way betrays a want of delicacy, and I have seldom known much luck or prosperity follow it.) I shall not appear against her, but never shall she enter my house more; this at all events breaks the connexion with my son.

*Enter RALPH, agitated, L. H.*

*Ralph.* Well, well, measter—what's to be done?

*Brewel.* I shall not appear against them, I have no vindictive feeling, but leave it to the powers above—Jane shall not enter my house again—I discharge her—I know you love her, Ralph, I have no controul over you, and if after this disgrace you can make her your partner, it might save her from future vice—but my house she shall never enter more! [*Exit L. H.*]

*Ralph.* [*In joy.*] Now, I'm happy! I've got her safe—safe—she's mine! I know she's innocent—she's good—good—(*Mournfully.*) too good for me—I'll make amends for all—Why what did I care if she *had* been sent to prison?—she'd a come out to my heart pure as a lamb! I'll be her drudge—her slave I'll work my fingers to the bone to keep her like a lady—if I'd have lost her, I'd ha' gone mad—my passions would have made me commit murder! It's wicked I know what's done, but I couldn't help it, and no one knows it but myself!

[*A shout outside.*]

*Enter JEMMY FILER, L. H.*

*Filer.* They're discharged—no prosecution! Damme, I shall go mad for joy! (*Dancing about.*) I shall be married next Sunday!

*Ralph.* [*Eagerly.*] I say friend, listen to me, you are going to be happy—I'd give the world if Jane would marry me, we could be neighbours—you and I could smoke our pipes together of an evening—I've saved a little money—I'll make Jane a good husband—now your sweetheart and Jane are cousins, make her speak a word for me—Jane is high-minded and above a poor unlearned serving man like me, but I might be *koinder* than one as ha' the gifts and 'complishments to win her heart.

*Filer.* Why look ye old chap, what you say is as plain and as clear as a column of smoke on a frosty morning, and if the craft wishes to go under convoy, why fix up your engine—get it on board—let the stoker rouse up his fire—throw into gear, and we'll both be launched on the river of matrimony by the same engineer!

*Ralph.* [*In great anxiety.*] Here they come liberated!

[*Filer runs off.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter JANE, her head drooping in shame — she stands in deep thought.*

*Ralph.* How beautiful she looks!—all tenderness—all sweetness—like an angel! In her dear eyes, as a looking-glass I can see myself made small—reduced down like a child's picture! Mayhap I have as tiny a place in her heart as her eyes reflect! (*He approaches her respectfully.*) Jane! Jane! silent! won't you speak? Come, come, it's all over now—it wur koind of measter not to appear against you—you know he *might* have punished you!

*Jane.* [*Turning slowly and gazing him full in the face — he appears unable to meet her look.*] Am I then only liberated from pity? Am I not *thought* innocent? Is there a stain—a blot upon my name?—There is—there is—I see it—I feel it—I shall be pointed out as the *thief*, whom charity fed, and pity would not punish! Where shall I fly?—where seek a shelter from the piercing eye of calumny—the tainted breath of suspicion? Ruin stares with burning disgust in my face—I am forsaken by all, and cast forth an abandoned victim!

*Ralph.* No, Jane, no! you are not forsaken by *all*, there is *one* left will always be your friend—more than friend—he is not the acquaintance of a day, one not like the world who only smile when prosperity and comfort is about us—No, no, he'll be firm, even in disgrace—true when the evil day arrives!

*Jane.* True, true, Ralph, he will—he has *always* been kind—he is my second father, my preserver! You mean Mr. Brewel, let me fly to his feet, and thank him with my grateful tears!

[*Crosses to L.*]

*Ralph.* Stay Jane, stay! you mistake, that is not the friend I mean.

*Jane.* No!

*Ralph.* No, he deserts you; your foster-feyther has discharged you—you will *never again* be allowed to cross his threshold—his heart is closed against you, so are his doors! I heard his order and flew to save you from insult; he has left you to Heaven and your own deeds!

*Jane.* [*With energy.*] Then Heaven be my protector! Ye guardian angels, who dwell in peace and love, advocate my sufferings to the throne of mercy—let your mediations avert this unjust punishment, and clear the blind-sighted mortals who think me guilty!—let not my name disgrace the quiet remains of my mouldering parents in their grave—leave not the orphan and the calumniated without a friend! Oh, cast thy shining rays to illumine my path, save me from destruction, and let my innocence appear as palpable to the world, as it is to thy searching scrutiny! Now with the purity of truth in my heart, I'll see my protector!

*Ralph.* Do not go! you'll only be thrust from the door! You are discharged I tell you—*without* a character—you must get your livelihood somewhere else—but don't be afraid! I've saved money, it shall *all* be yours—take a lodging, I'll be your friend, a delicate one—no forward liberties—I couldn't insult virtue! No, no. No man who loves a woman with his heart can ever make her blush! I'll make you mine lawfully, though you have been *accused* of *theft*! (*She shudders.*) If you'd have been sent to the House of Correction, my heart still would have doated on you!—if disgrace and misery had been heaped on your head till all the world shunned you in horror, still my heart would receive you in joy! I can only live for you—I'd kiss the ground under your feet! (*In tears.*) I am ignorant, unlearned, and vulgar I know, but I'll make all that up in kindness—in obedience—in care—in slavery, or drudgery to make you a lady! to have you mine!

[*He drops on his knees.*]

*Jane.* [*Deeply affected.*] Ralph, your anxiety frightens me, it has raised additional misery in my mind; at present I am not in a state to consider your offer.

*Ralph.* Why not? *now's* the only time—*now's* the time you *want* a protector!—Cast out of doors—no home—no shelter—I'll make a home—night and day it'll be my study to make you happy—do not reject me, or I'll do some rash deed will make us both shed soft tears—nothing shall stand in my way—Murder! I'll kill myself—you—Hell shall not stop me, if you cast me off!

*Jane.* Oh, Heaven! has not my aching heart sufficient misery without being galled with a declaration like this? Go, rash man, temper your passions—restrain your violence, and leave me to myself; I shall not want a friend, (though from my heart I thank you) for that Providence, which often shatters the majestic oak to show its power, protects an humble daisy in the hurricane!

*Ralph.* I see you love another, but let him beware!



*At this instant, ALFRED enters, he rushes to Jane.*

*Alfred.* Jane, my heart was afflicted till I saw you; I hope my father will be convinced of your innocence, as I am.

*Ralph.* [*Rudely pushing between them.*] Why did you come here? What do you want wi' this young woman?

*Alfred.* Rude fellow, begone, or I'll chastise you!

*Ralph.* You will? Take care—take care!

*Alfred.* Yes, and for this insolence, my father shall discharge you.

*Ralph.* Will he? Ha, ha, ha! Yes he will—he has discharged her—we're fellow sarvents both discharged, and you are glad of it! I'll tell you why—you think, she'll *now* be an easy prey—fair game as you call it—an outcast female—a *discarded thief*! Your father would not appear—but *you* persuaded him to turn her into the streets! Did your learning teach you that?

*Alfred.* Ignorant, suspicious wretch!

*Ralph.* Yes, I know I'm ignorant! I want that which would enable me to talk to your betters—larning! I am suspicious of *you*, for you want her ruin—I'll make her an honest woman—keep off, or I'll chastise *you*, as you call it.

*Alfred.* Ruffian! villain!

[*He rushes on Ralph, who with desperation grapples him—jealousy and revenge burning in his eye—Ralph dashes him to the ground, and fastens on his throat as if to strangle him—Jane screams—Enter JEMMY FILER, NANCY, SLINK, SKULK, and MOB—Ralph is taken from Alfred—TABLEAU—Ralph stands grating his teeth, his fists clenched, revenge and jealousy depicted in his face—parties keeping him off—Alfred distressed—Jane lost in fear and terror—Nancy attending to her—Filer looking alternately at each in wonder—after a pause, Ralph exclaims—*

*Ralph.* I've not done wi' him yet.

*Alfred.* Nor I you.

*Ralph.* Jane *must* go with me, I'll take care of her.

*Alfred.* Never! she must be placed under my protection.

*Filer.* [*Shouting above them both.*] I'll see you both damned first! she shall go with my Nancy.

*Nancy.* Aye, that she shall Jemmy, and whilst I have a bit or sup she shall share it!

*Filer.* Come, come, cheer up! if you have lost your ship never mind, and as things are a little out of gear, you may lay up in Nancy's little crib till the Director above will give you a fresh berth; and when Spring comes round, at the worst you shall have a job as stewardess in all our excursions.

*Nancy.* Oh, never fear, you shan't want a shelter; you shall

live with me and Jemmy, (when we are married) we have only *one* bed it is true, but hang me if you shan't sleep at the *foot* every night! Shan't she Jemmy?

*Filer.* Aye, that she shall! Sooner than she should want a home and a bed, damme, if I wouldn't sleep myself in the engine boiler!

*Jane.* [*Almost sinking.*] My heart is sinking! the anxiety, the disgrace of last night—the confusion of to-day, overpowers me! It's too much for my weak strength—let me haste from public gaze—let me if possible fly from the world, where persecution seems to crush me down! Heaven! protect me!

[*She falls on Nancy's shoulder, and with difficulty totters off, supported by her and Jemmy—Music.*]

*Enter MR. CONCISE, out of breath—Slink and Skulk avoid him.*

*Concise.* Dear me, dear me! I've been on the run all day—first to the court—then to your father's—then here—then there—then every where—I never could stand still when there was any thing like a stir—in the first place the pawnbroker's shop that was on fire is partly saved—but bless me! what a row—such screaming—such squalling—such bawling—and such mawling I never saw!—caps tearing—women swearing—policemen overbearing—heaps of pledges—bed and bedding—gowns and sheets, with blankets in the streets—tables and stools, with two-foot rules—coats, breeches, and shirt all in the dirt—then the fire-engines pumping—water flying—children crying—crowds of women in their hair—dandies in despair—such confusion—ill-using and abusing, never was seen as at the pawnbroker's fire! One thing I've managed, I've got Jane's watch out of the fire-proof room, it's *not* your father's, (*Holds up the watch.*) and he now remembers he saw his up stairs before the alarm last night; (*Ralph starts.*) now some one *else* must have stolen it, and not Jane!

*Alfred.* I accuse that man! [*Pointing to Ralph.*]

*Ralph.* You're a liar! I dare all the world to find me guilty! Search my box at home—search me now! No, no, this is a scheme to ruin me—it is—I see it—I can *think*, though I can't read—it's your contrivance to get Jane, but you shan't have her, I'll murder her first!—she shan't be yours—she shan't be yours!

*Alfred.* This requires investigation!

*Ralph.* I dare say it does! I'm willing, and *you* shall be investigated—(*Crosses to him*) Why wur you last night *skulking* in the kitchen?—*I* saw you enter, though you crept out wi'out your feyther catching you—he wouldn't believe me—you are a party in the robbery; you wanted to rob the house and run away with Jane—she and you are both guilty; your feyther must see it, and that is the *real* reason he did not appear. No, he would not appear, because his scapegrace of a son would be exposed!

*Alfred.* Come to my father's, all shall be cleared!

*Ralph.* It must be cleared ; my character shan't have a stain on it—No, no, we'll put the saddle on the right horse !

[*At this period, Snow begins to fall and continues all through.*

*Concise.* Come, come, we'll all to your father's ; it's beginning to snow, let's get in doors.

*Ralph.* Go, go, I'll be there before you.

[*MUSIC.—Exeunt all, except Ralph and the Prigs.*

*Enter NANCY in haste, L. H.*

*Nancy.* Oh, dear me ! dear me ! Jane has fled, and cannot be found—we have searched every where, and fear she has gone to destroy herself ! What is to be done ?—run every where—any where to find her ! Oh, dear, Oh, dear ! [*Exit L. H.*

*Ralph.* [*In agony.*] What must I do ? I have driven her to this—yet I'll not confess—No, no, it must die with me—I'll be my own friend, suffer who may !

[*Slink and Skulk come on each side of him cautiously — Ralph starts.*

*Slink.* I say my regular, I rather think you're in for it—you are, s'help me Newgate !

*Skulk.* [*At the top of his voice.*] Who prig'd the watch ?

*Slink.* It'll be hard lines with you old chap, it will s'help me Newgate !

*Ralph.* I know you both—you've been in our tap-room, you are well known thieves, and would do any thing !

*Slink.* We would for blunt—we would s'help me Newgate !

*Ralph.* [*Suddenly, as if a thought had struck him.*] Come with me—I guess Jane has gone to the Alms-house, where her parents died—she was always raving about it—help me to gain her, and I'll pay you well.

*Slink.* We will, s'help me Newgate !

*Ralph.* [*Aside.*] I've gone too far—I must complete my work—come on, to the Alms-house—Come, come, I'll pay you—I'll pay you !

*Slink.* That's the tick-u-et ! we'll stick to you like bricks ! we will, s'help me Newgate ! [*Exeunt L. H.*

SCENE II.—*A row of Almshouses — railing in the front — church, trees, &c. in the distance—Time evening—Snow falling rapidly. The scene has at first its usual appearance, but changes gradually—the tops first being tipped with the element and spreading till the whole is covered, as the scene progresses. The church-clock strikes or chimes, as if for a funeral.—Plaintive and descriptive Music.—Enter JANE, R. U. R. pale, dejected, and sinking with fatigue—she staggers forward and supports herself against the scene, and points to the Almshouse.*

*Jane.* Welcome, welcome, the abode of innocence and peace.



—here beneath some humble roof I'll seek shelter ; for charity dwells more in the breasts of striving poor, than with those who never knew want ! Alas ! for what misery am I born !—here in childhood I played and gamboled, but even then my infant heart, felt the sadness of a parent's poverty—a parent's illness—the gay and joyful shout of my little playmates often wrung me with grief, and I checked their happiness, fearing it would disturb my poor sick father—my ailing mother ! I have now no home — no resting place ; yet the “ Poor ground,” in yonder church-yard, where their mortal remains wither is dear to a daughter's affections. Yes, I'll live here — some old neighbour will remember me—remember them—each day I'll visit their graves, and when a little blade of grass, shrub, or humble flower springs above their remains, I'll welcome—hail them with kisses, and think they are brothers and sisters ! Yes, yes, here I'll dwell — *there I'll live with them—(Trembling with cold.)* Oh, the snow falls heavily—I am sinking with cold and weakness — Does Heaven conspire with the persecuting world ? Oh, pardon, pardon, celestial seraphs, let your anger subside and melt in pity, as the downy snow disjoins and runs in angel-tears o'er my pallid face—*(Lights seen in some of the alms-house windows.)* I'll knock at some of the doors and crave a corner at the evening fire.

[MUSIC.—*She attempts to walk, but after some difficulty, falls exhausted in the snow.*

*Enter cautiously, RALPH, SKULK and SLINK, they search around — Ralph, at last discovers her — he starts and trembles in agitation—then turning to his companions, speaks in broken whispers.*

*Ralph.* Great Heavens ! she's exhausted — dead — perished in the snow ! — the sin of this is on my head ! *(He raises her.)* No, no, she breathes — she lives, and may yet be mine ! Poor girl ! I'll be kind for this ; will watch you night and day ; tend you like a lamb strayed from its dam ! Carry her in silence to where I've provided a home. She is mine now ! Come, come, let us begone !

[MUSIC.—*They raise her, and are about to carry her off.*

*Enter ALFRED, with two or three Men, L.H. on seeing Ralph, he rushes forward.*

*Alfred.* Resign that maid, and let her be conveyed to my father's house, there to be tended with care.

*Ralph.* Never ! I'll keep her myself, even in death she's mine !

*Jane.* [Reviving.] Alfred ! Ralph ! why follow me ? let me die in peace !

*Alfred.* Nay, Jane, revive to life and happiness ; let the roses on your cheeks bloom again ; you are restored to my father's favour ; he sends for you home.

*Enter MR. BREWEL, led by JEMMY and NANCY, MR. CONCISE, following. Nancy puts her cloak around Jane.*

*Filer.* Where are they?

*Concise.* [*Seeing the thieves.*] Oh, you damned rascals! Seize them! they robbed me this morning; search them.

*[Jemmy, searches Slink, the men the other.*

*Filer.* What's here? two watches!

*Concise.* That's mine!

*Brewel.* The other mine! How came you by this? answer, and on my life, you shall be pardoned!

*Slink.* Well then, we prigged it out of a little trunk in your kitchen, we did, s'help me Newgate!

*Skulk.* It's all up with my giblets!

*Alfred.* I saw Ralph last night creeping to that box.

*All, except Jane.* Ralph, is the thief!

*Ralph.* [*In desperation.*] I am the thief! Caught in my own snare; I did it to gain Jane, hut she was too good for me! Heaven has defeated me—want of larning has cursed me! Lead me to prison, for without Jane, I cannot live!—my heart, my heart is broken!

[*MUSIC.—He looks tenderly at Jane, bursts into tears and covers his face with his hands—he and the Thieves are in custody. Jane and Alfred kneel in gratitude, the other characters form around in sympathy.*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.







Plays already published in the  
**UNIVERSAL STAGE**

- |                             |                                       |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Alice Gray, 1s.          | 16. Life in the Clouds.               |
| 2. The Pupil of Da Vinci.   | 17. The Three Secrets.                |
| 3. Uncle Oliver.            | 18. The Demon's Gift.                 |
| 4. Jack Sheppard, 1s.       | 19. Ins and Outs.                     |
| 5. Life as it is.           | 20. Wizard of the Wave, 1s.           |
| 6. A Familiar Friend.       | 21. Love's Livery.                    |
| 7. Out of Luck.             | 22. Our Old House at Home.            |
| 8. The Two Greens.          | 23. Brother Ben.                      |
| 9. The Ladies' Club.        | 24. The Ran Dan Club.                 |
| 10. Gwynneth Vaughan.       | 25. The First of September.           |
| 11. The Gentleman in Black. | 26. The Critic.                       |
| 12. Life of a Woman.        | 27. Fashionable Arrivals.             |
| 13. House of Ladies.        | 28. The Midsummer's Night's<br>Dream. |
| 14. Tower of London.        |                                       |
| 15. The Factory Boy.        |                                       |

*Just Published, Price Eightpence,*

**BILLY TOOKE!**

A FINSBURY PANTOMIME!!!

PATTIE'S  
**MODERN STAGE.**

*Each Play complete for Threepence.*

Jenny Jones.—Sylvester Daggerwood.—Queen's Visit.—A Day at an Inn.—The King and the Carpenter.—A Soldier and Sailor, a Tinker and Tailor.—The Waterman.—Fair Rosamond.—Irish Absentee.—St. Clair of the Isles.—Lovers' Quarrels.—The Vagrant, his Wife & Family.—The Three Clerks—Naomie.—The Bandit Host.—The Day after the Wedding.—Wildfire Dick.—The Factory Strike.—Artaxerxes.—Midas.—The Conscript.—The Murder of the Glen.—Wapping Old Stairs.—Mary le More.—The Post Captain.—Mark Lawrence.—Jim Crow.—Sadak and Kalasrade.—Walsha.—Topsail Sheet Blocks.—The Abduction.—The Mariner's Dream.—Post Boy of Cornwall.—The Slave Sale.—The Man of War.—The Rise of the Rothschildes.—Canadian War.—Jack's the Lad.—Claude Lorraine.—Mayor of Garrett.—Joseph Shark.—The Bell Ringer of Saint Paul's, 6d.—Sawbones' in Trainin', 6d.—The Manager's Daughter.—The Mutineer's Widow.—The Carbineer.

**Acting Edition of Shakspeare**

Hamlet.—The Tempest.—Othello.—Richard.—King Lear.—Taming the Shrew, *with a Portrait of Shakspeare*.—Romeo and Juliet.—Macbeth, 6d. each.

**Superior Edition, 1s. each.**

Henry the Fifth.—As You Like it.—The Twelfth Night.